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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"I hold it, that a little rebellion, now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical."
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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Threepence

Geneva: End of War by Proxy?

REPORTS from Geneva during the past week have given the impression that the powers are really concerned to bring about a cease-fire in Indo-China, and furthermore that there is some chance of agreement on how to do it being reached. On the face of it this is what the news seems to imply; but there must always be doubt about the surface appearance of these international conferences when so often it is admitted a long time afterwards that more fundamental decisions were reached but not made public, or that one side or the other were merely using the conference as a means of delaying.

FREEDOM has long held that such wars as the Korean War served economic ends, and has pointed to the boom which its beginning produced in America. The fears aroused by the possibility of its ending showed how much American economy was interested in the mere fact of waging war. When the armistice was signed in Korea therefore, it became necessary to consider the new economic situation which followed.

Two possibilities immediately presented themselves. Either the war was no longer profitable, whether directly or as a stimulus to production, or an alternative outlet had come in view. In the latter case the war in Indo-China seemed to present the required opportunity, but the prospect of its voluntary termination brings this view into question. To say this does not however mean that wars are not in fact dominated by their economic causes and the economic functions they play. It only means that what may have been useful a year ago may no longer be so to-day.

In support of this we may cite the fact that whereas the prospect of ending the Korean War produced a downward trend in the New York stock markets, no such change is reported at the present time. The American slump appears, moreover, to be coming to an end. Unemployment is said to be no longer rising and the fall in production appears to be checked.

So much for economic factors. There are also the political ones. It seems likely that American public opinion still unused to the idea of sending American troops abroad to fight, and shaken by the long three years of Korea, views with dislike the prospect of sending more troops to Indo-China. As this year is election year, the Administration will be more than usually sensitive to public feeling in such a matter.

Similar factors, of course, obtain in France where the war has been unpopular since the beginning (paradoxically, the fall of Dien Bien Phu, with the "last ditch" stand of its defenders, has for the moment quietened this opposition). The ending of the war would be a move of great political popularity.

All these factors together bring in their train certain speculations. FREEDOM had characterised the war in Korea as a war between the great powers, but fought on other people's territories, and in the main with other people's troops. The open demand in some quarters in the United States "to set Asiatics to fight Asiatics" expresses this point of view. The advantages to the great powers are obvious: the economic advantages of war, with the domestic disadvantages considerably reduced. However, the stalemate in Korea showed that neither side was willing

to allow the final outcome of such a war to be settled in this vicarious fashion. The Chinese and Russian governments on the one hand and the American and British on the other were both prepared to intervene in greater strength to avoid total defeat of their side, while they were not prepared, apparently, to intervene in maximum strength to achieve total victory. Clearly the inevitable outcome of such a war must be a stalemate.

If this is so, only economic advantages derived from the state of war itself—increased production, etc.—could justify such a war, for the nominal object, victory, could only be reached by an all out effort which would change the local and vicarious character of the war. It seems likely that neither China nor America is willing to permit either Viet-Minh or Viet Nam to be driven out of Indo-China. Hence the outcome may as well be settled by negotiation.

With this we are brought back to the start of the argument: all this speculation depends on the supposition that the great powers at Geneva are actually concerned to bring about a cease-fire. If they are, we may perhaps hope that, for the time being, the vicarious war fought on other people's territory with other people's troops, a peculiarly repellent type of war, has outlived its usefulness. But should a "little war" once again become economically desirable, the great powers will not hesitate to provoke another Korea.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

THE strike of engine drivers and firemen on the Western Region, dealt with in last week's FREEDOM, ended in a rather unexpected manner with a general decision to return to work at midnight last Saturday.

This return coincided with the time set for the spreading of the strike with a general stoppage in the Eastern and North Eastern areas, where the footplate men, also threatened with extended lodging turns, were prepared to join the men of the Western Region.

The unexpected had happened, however, at a delegate conference of the A.S.L.E.F. (Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen) when the whole conference voted by a whacking majority against lodging turns. This presented the Executive Committee, which had already negotiated and agreed to the new lodging turns, with the unmistakable, and constitutional, opposition of the membership.

The Executive must now approach British Railways and, somehow or other, get the agreements cancelled. It is on this understanding that the men have gone back to work without any stipulated conditions. Clearly, however, they will be prepared to stop again if nothing is done to meet their demands.

Not the Only Grievance

Equally clearly, the lodging turn issue is not the only cause of discontent among railway workers. This has been quite openly noted by some Press reporters, and an industrial correspondent of the *Observer* (30/5/54) has also drawn attention to figures showing the relative pay-rates for engine-drivers in other European countries—figures which show up badly the low level of pay for drivers in Britain.

The *Observer* correspondent writes: Discontent and tension between workers and management are likely to continue on British Railways whatever the outcome of any negotiations on lodging turns.

The suspicion remains undisputed

among the engine-drivers and firemen that the efficiency drive of the British Railways is being used not to streamline and improve the economic organisation of the railway system, but to bring back harder conditions of work for the men out of all proportion to the pay they get.

Figures collected by the International Transport Workers' Federation show that engine-drivers' conditions of work and pay seem to be substantially lower, on average, in this country, where standards of living are generally higher, than elsewhere in industrialised Europe.

Top basic pay for a senior British engine-driver is £8 18s. 6d., or £458 4s. a year. He has two week's paid holiday and two Bank Holidays. There is no pension, although proposals for a pensions scheme are under consideration by the Minister of Transport. Except for the long-distance express drivers, the extra mileage allowance at about 4s. an hour for every 15 miles run over 140 miles a day, rarely brings a driver's pay packet over £10 a week. Many drivers, therefore, rely on working on their rest day, at time-and-a-half, or on picking up "dark money" for night driving or extra pay for working on Sundays.

The German engine-driver gets 24 days' paid holiday, plus 14 Bank Holidays, and a pension at 60 equal to three-quarters of his working pay. The equivalent in pounds of the basic pay received by a German engine-driver of ten years' service, if he is a married man with two school-age children, would be between £550 and £600 a year. In addition, every 24-hour lodging turn brings him, in extra pay and subsistence allowance, an extra £1.

The average weekly pay packet for an S.C.N.F. driver in France is around £13 a week. A Belgian engine-driver, with 10 years' service, married and living in Brussels, would expect to make between £12 and £13 a week. Even this would be regarded as miserable by the Swiss engine-driver, who is paid between £1,000 and £1,180 a year.

THAT £500 RISE!

EVEN hardened politicians felt a little embarrassed last week as they debated in the Commons the proposal to increase their salaries by 50% from £1,000 to £1,500 per annum. And the cause of their embarrassment was in part the fact that they were in the curious situation of voting themselves a rise without their employers being present or having any say in the matter! One was reminded of a trial that took place at the Old Bailey at about the same time. The prosecution described how the prisoner who was chairman and sole director of a firm held a "little ventriloquial session" at a meeting of the company at which he was "the only person present. He reported to himself that he had offered to buy the company and to undertake to pay the trade creditors. Having

received that offer from himself, he as chairman accepted it. After this he went on running the business, in the same way as before and in his own name". The principal in this case was awarded eighteen months in gaol!

In the case of the M.P.s there was a double swindle in that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated during debate that while the Government was not "decided on principle to drive its legions through the lobby in support of a particular line" and was awaiting the "guidance" of the House on the subject nevertheless he reserved the right of the Government to "consider" the decisions that they would come to. In other words, if we understand the Chancellor's words correctly, he was intimating that in this matter the House proposed and the Gov-

ernment disposed, a cynically amusing situation in view of the fact that they were proposing and disposing of the public's money without even consulting the miserable public!

We are sure that a number of M.P.s do suffer hardships, but then so do millions of workers, disabled persons, ex-servicemen, and old-age pensioners. The difference is that their hardships are the result of the policies for which Parliament is responsible, whereas there is nothing to stop a Member of Parliament from changing his job, or, if he really believes that he is the representative of his constituents, from approaching them at a mass meeting in the local town hall, and putting his case to them for a rise. Somehow one has a feeling that many of them would only get a raspberry!

R.

Unpleasant, but the Truth

OUR appeal (*This Should Concern You*) of a fortnight ago, to those readers of FREEDOM who value our work sufficiently not to wish to see it stopped through lack of funds, has met with some response in the shape of a number of renewals of long overdue subscription and the settling of some outstanding bills. But generally speaking the reaction so far would indicate that either the seriousness of our financial crisis has not been fully appreciated or that the general political apathy has extended to the readers of FREEDOM as well.

It is true that since *Freedom Press* resumed regular publication eighteen years ago we have gone through a number of "financial crises" but have carried on nevertheless—and even extended our activities—so that the regular publication of FREEDOM has come to be accepted as a matter of course; and our appeals (or "threats" as some friends might describe them!) seem to them rather like the false alarms of the boy who

cried "wolf". But this is not the case. We dislike making appeals for money: when we do, therefore, it is because the situation is such that unless it is taken in hand the immediate future of FREEDOM is threatened. We say *immediate* future because having no reserves and no wealthy backers to fall back on, and only limited credit with our suppliers, there is a limit beyond which we cannot allow our deficit to extend. Our finances are quite simple. Expenditure on the production of FREEDOM exceeds income by £15 (\$45) on each issue. Up to the end of May we have produced 22 issues, and our accumulated deficit for the year is £330 (\$990). To our Special Appeal we have received in the corresponding period £150 (\$450). Thus less than half the deficit has been covered to date.

Not only must we somehow make good the difference, but as each new issue of FREEDOM comes off the presses each week so is another £15 added to that deficit. We cannot stop

the march of time; the only way we can stop the deficit from building up is to halt the regular publication of FREEDOM. You can make such a step unnecessary. Whatever you may have thought of previous appeals the present one is made in all seriousness. After all, even the boy who cried "wolf" meant it at least once, but then it was too late! In our case we have meant it each time, but never as much as on the present occasion.

Special Appeal

May 15th to May 26th

Moline: E.R.J. 6/-; New York: per O.M. S.G.H. 3/-; London: R.S. 5/-; London: L.H. £14/17/6; Sheffield: H.W. 3/6; Aberystwyth: 5/-; Belfast: Anon. £1; Dovercourt: L.C.W. 12/-; Stockport: R.V.B. 10/-; Manchester: V.M. 1/6; Leicester: W.P.M. 10d.; London: H.F. 3/-; Derby: R.G. 1/6; Brighton: H.P. 10/-.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| Total | 18 18 8 |
| Previously acknowledged | 133 11 9 |
| 1954 TOTAL TO DATE | £152 10 5 |

Safeguarding White Supremacy

WHILE the American Courts were declaring that racial segregation was illegal, in S. Africa, Dr. Malan was seeking to obtain the necessary 15 votes that would give him the two thirds majority he requires for his bill to be passed which would place Cape Coloured votes on a separate roll from the Whites. The bill is being considered by a joint session of the Senate and the House of Assembly in spite of the fact that it was declared invalid by the Appeal court in 1952.

Reuter reports quote Dr. Malan as saying that the bill was a renewed attempt to solve the question of Coloured franchise in a peaceful way and in a way which would prevent any clash with the courts. Although Coloured voting strength was now only 38,000, it would be no less than 150,000 if all Coloured people entitled to vote registered. In 50 years' time—virtually in the next generation—there would be two million more Coloureds than Europeans in the province. "If that is not a serious problem to be reckoned with, then I ask what is a serious problem."

There was nothing new in the idea of protecting the European vote in South Africa. It was neither wrong nor immoral to do so. The same position had arisen in other once-British-controlled territories which were now self-governing. In Canada the non-European population and in Australia the Aboriginal population—neither a threat to the European vote as in South Africa—were forbidden franchise. New Zealand had given separate representation to Maoris.

Mr. Strauss for the opposition United Party moved an amendment that the joint sitting should decline to pass the second reading of the bill. He said the Government had ignored the most important fact that Coloured people had always supported Europeans and tended to strengthen the white people.

The Opposition, declared Mr. Strauss, would oppose the bill at every stage of the joint session. It was an unwanted measure which could only have the effect

of keeping South Africa in a state of turmoil and aggravating racial relations with fearful dangers to the future of the country. The bill, Mr. Strauss contended, was lowering the prestige of South Africa in the eyes of the world.

His amendment called for the rejection of the bill on the grounds that it would lead to the loss of the Coloured people's faith in the white man's word and might endanger white leadership in South Africa. It might also lead to the formation of a solid anti-white non-European front.

At least Dr. Malan calls a spade a spade, and has no illusions as to the feelings of the Coloured people for the white master-race at present in the saddle. It is therefore logical that if a white minority intends to keep a coloured majority in subjection for all time, with at the same time the semblance of the normal machinery of government, etc., then such action must be taken to prevent the majority from voting the minority out of office! Mr. Strauss on the other hand, obviously shares Dr. Malan's concern that South Africa shall be a white man's country for all time but thinks that Dr. Malan's method is the wrong one. Or at least at present, since it is noticeable of politicians that they always profess more liberal views in opposition than when in power!

It seems to us most improbable that given equal status and opportunities the coloured peoples of S. Africa would continue for long to look to "white leadership". Or does Mr. Strauss also believe in the basic, biological superiority of the white man? Or does one have to seek a clue for his hopes of white leadership in the last sentence of his reported statement: "It might also lead to the formation of a solid anti-white non-European front". That is to say that he hopes to maintain white leadership by keeping the non-European peoples in S. Africa divided—an old game in colonial history!

THE HARD-WORKING COP

A New American Hero

GEORGE ORWELL once remarked that the police were the natural enemies of the working class, and this statement has been confirmed in almost every part of the world by the attitude of contempt and hostility which the unprivileged and the free-minded always display towards a policeman. Probably no occupation has a greater list of opprobrious synonyms in all languages, and the hatred which is implied in these insulting nicknames often comes to the surface in more direct forms than speech. According to the American traveller, Lowell Thomas, the Buddhist tradition of pacifism is so strong in the Tibetan city of Lhasa that murders are rare; when they do take place the victims are almost always policemen!

Until comparatively recently, the United States was, by and large, a country where the police were regarded with hostility by the whole of the working class. The record of labour struggles, right up to the early thirties, has always shown the police lined up on the side of the propertied interests, and while the "legitimate" capitalists had been buttressed by police protection, their less orthodox competitors, like Al Capone and his fellow millionaires of the underworld, had thriven on the connivance of corrupt "guardians of the law".

In recent years, however, there has been a profound and significant change in the public attitude towards the police. It has already been pointed out often enough that since the end of the last war such despicable types as the public informer have been built up into American popular heroes (e.g. Whitaker Chambers). And now it is the turn of the police, the ordinary slugging and slogging flatfeet, to get their share of glorification.

One of the signs of this changing attitude—whose reasons and implications I shall discuss later—has been the marked alteration in the form of public interest in crime detection. The old-style detective novel, for instance, was usually based on the idea of an amateur pitting himself against a criminal antagonist (or antagonists). The element of individual risk and of a fairly equalised struggle usually entered in, even if the detective always won in the end. And, while the detective did represent the majority morality directed against the "enemy of society", his activity was often at variance with the organised forces of the law. Policemen were represented as rather stupid and as morally obtuse, guarding a less pure concept of justice than the hero, and some of the writers of this school, like Raymond Chandler, have in fact used their stories for quite a considerable criticism of the corruption that exists in contemporary American society.

I do not suggest, of course, that even Chandler's kind of criticism can be regarded as radical in a true sense; rather, it is an expression of dissatisfaction with a state apparatus that does not work effi-

ciently in its own terms, and one has the feeling that he would find no fault with a machine that carried out a merciless and flawless process of retributive "justice". A kind of legalistic puritanism, not without the sadistic tendencies that are often associated with other kinds of puritanism, seems to be a frequent ingredient of the "mystery" novel, and it is no illogical conclusion that a blood-thirsty detective story writer like Micky Spillane should end up, as he has done, an advocate of fundamentalist, Old Testament Christianity.

It seems to me that this cult of the private detective has really been a romantic extension into present-day American society of the rough amateur "justice" of the frontier days, performed often by vigilantes and other unofficial agencies, inspired as frequently by sheer prejudice as by any conception of the law, which in the intervals between action melted back into the ordinary mass of the people. It is in keeping with the increasingly overt centralist tendencies of American society that the old "private eye" should be steadily losing his appeal in favour of "real life" representations of the official police forces at work.

This tendency has been less marked in the literature of detection than in that newest, most highly capitalised and most self-conscious form of communication, television.

On television, in fact, dramatised or featured accounts of actual police routine have gained a quite fantastic popularity. The most successful of these programmes to date is called *Dragnet*. It is produced in Hollywood by an actor named Jack Webb, who also plays the policeman hero, Sergeant Friday. *Time*, in a lengthy recent account of Webb's career, gave some quite startling pieces of information regarding the popularity of *Dragnet*. Its most recent Nielsen rating in last March showed that more than sixty per cent. of television viewers (over 16 million out of a total of 27 million set owners in the U.S.A.) regularly tuned in to *Dragnet* every Thursday night. Furthermore, re-runs of old *Dragnet* shows, which are issued under the title of *Badge 714*, appeal to enough second-time viewers to obtain a rating that is over 50 per cent. in some parts of the country. *Time* remarks that these figures show that *Dragnet* has only one rival for popularity among American TV shows, Lucille Ball's *I Love Lucy* series of domestic comedies.

But, as *Time* remarks, the influence of the *Dragnet* show on American life is not

fully revealed by its actual popularity as a programme.

"The show's top rating is an adequate gauge of the spell which Webb has cast over U.S. people, both young and old. There is hardly a child above the age of four who does not know and constantly voice the brassy notes (*dum du dum dum*) of *Dragnet's* theme music. Phonograph records . . . which parody *Dragnet's* terse, low-keyed dialogue have sold 1,326,000 copies, and Sergeant Friday's calm 'All we want are the facts, ma'am' had become a conversational staple. But millions who laugh at *Dragnet* jokes are spirited back weekly into a mood of serious intentness by the program itself."

Dragnet seeks to show the police as conscientious, public-spirited friends of the people. Sergeant Friday is portrayed as "a decent, harassed, hard-working fellow", and violence rarely appears in the shows of which he is the hero. But, by exploiting their pitifulness and their seediness, Webb contrives to place his "criminals" in a world apart from that in which the watchers view them through the superior eye of the benevolent cop. Significantly, such regular parts of police duties as strike breaking, hustling pickets, beating demonstrators and whacking recalcitrant bums with nightsticks are absent from *Dragnet* shows; nothing is shown that might revive the uneasy Depression-years memories of the older viewers. Equally significantly, the police find this programme so useful as a means of whitewashing themselves into a kind of specialised social worker caste, that they not only open their files to *Dragnet* script writers, but also allow their Los Angeles headquarters to be used on occasion as sets for the recording of the TV films of these programmes.

Another programme which has arisen to cash in on the popularity of *Dragnet* is called *Night Watch* and this goes a step farther in sensationalism, since it does not use studio-written dramatic scripts based on actual events, as in the case of Webb's show, but broadcast on-the-spot recordings of police investigations, arrests and interrogations. A radio actor named Donn Reed travels around with a Culver City, California, patrol car, and uses a portable recorder to take down what he hears. This is a *Time* report of a typical Donn Reed programme:

"Hearing that a prowler had been spotted in a gas station, Reed and Police sergeant Ron Perkins raced to the spot and caught the thief in action. Reed was

Continued on p. 3

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH

THE action of "THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH", by Christopher Fry, takes place in a country house in the Austro-Hungarian empire during the Hungarian revolution of 1848-9. The Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg drives out in a snow-storm to a place dangerously near to the army, in order to rescue Richard Gettner, who is an Austrian in the Hungarian rebel forces, but has deserted, and sends to the Countess for help, as she is the only person likely to give it. Gettner is her daughter, Gelda's, first husband. The Countess knew before she married her to him that Gettner would probably make her unhappy, as he is selfish, restless, irresolute, but she explains that she did so because she wished Gelda "to go to such a task of love."

The Countess's friends advise her not to protect Gettner, that he is not worth it, but she says "Richard lives in his own right, not in yours or mine". One of the themes of *The Dark is Light Enough* seems to be that that we must respect every person, because we do not know whether he may not do something to lead humanity out of the depths. The Countess is described as exercising "the divine gift of non-interference". Apparently she is intended to be what Christopher Fry believes to be a truly civilized human being—she does not judge her fellow-men, nor wish to punish them, she does not exercise authority over others, nor humiliate them. We awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold towards them. The wide domain of happiness has never been fully traversed, but sorrow has been surveyed and known in every port, because men will not let each other develop and live freely and unrestricted.

Gettner, crying for protection to the Countess's friends, begs them to think of his danger of death by shooting; contemptuously, one of them answers, "I should more likely weep for stags or partridges," and the Countess cries:

Do, then. Weep for what you can.
It's grateful to our brevity
To weep for what is briefer,
For nothing else will.

In the last scene of the play the Countess is talking with Gettner, who is now safe, because the Hungarian rebels have been defeated. The Hungarian officer, who wanted to arrest Gettner, is now the hunted one, and the Countess is protecting him in her house. Gettner cannot understand why the Countess has tolerated his cowardice, his lying and his

ingratitude. He thinks she must be in love with him. But she says that she is not, that she does not even like him, and "it would have been easier to love you than to like you." She helped him because she loves all life.

The Countess dies as she is sitting in the chair, and her peaceful death is lime-lit. And then we hear the loud battering on the doors, which gives a fine impression of impending terror. This play is at times an illuminating experience. It is not, however, very well acted, with the exception of Dame Edith Evans as the Countess. James Donald, as Gettner, does not appear to understand the character he is portraying at all. None of Christopher Fry's plays are in the front rank, because they are not revolutionary, and revolutionary writers are only writers worthy of permanent account on artistic grounds in modern literature and drama. How feeble and bourgeois they seem when compared with the masterpieces of Hendrik Ibsen, Strindberg and Luigi Pirandello, Clifford Odet's *Waiting for Lefty*, Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, Lilian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, which draws an unmerciful picture of the rise of an American fortune and of the predatory nature of the *entrepreneurs* who established industrial capitalism in the nation and of the warping of human nature produced by unlimited greed, Eugene O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, a brilliant satire on the aggressive business man who has lost touch with beauty and the ennobling things in life, and Maxwell Anderson's *Gods of the Lightning*, a paraphrase of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, in which the disillusioned anarchist summarises the dramatist's view of man as a private and political animal: "Man is old. You will not make it over . . . The world is old and it is owned by men who are hard . . . I tell you there is no government—only brigands in power who fight always for more power." In Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen* the gallant Essex is destroyed by the small-minded conniving men who run Elizabeth's government; "those who are noble, free of soul, valiant and admirable—they do down in their prime. Always go down . . . the rats inherit the earth." Yes, the rats—the judges, the governors and the learned gentlemen from Harvard University—who murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. But some day the glorious emotion of liberty will revive in the breasts of the people, and then, woe betide the rats.

D.M.M.

Anarchists and the Vote

ment is elected with a programme of specific reforms, we can be reasonably sure that they will be enacted.

Although in 1933, the C.N.T. and F.A.I. promised that if a right-wing government attained power in 1933, the forces of social revolution would be set in motion, this did not in fact occur, and the revolutionary seizure of land, factories and arms was delayed until provoked by the militarist rising. It is quite certain however, that no anarchist movement in the world to-day can ask masses of workers to abstain from elections on the grounds that immediate social revolution is a practical alternative.

On what rational grounds, then, is the anti-electoral policy of anarchism based, when anarchists form only an insignificant minority of the population?

To-day, we should readily admit, socialist governments are a lesser evil for all workers than outright capitalist ones. The time will come however, perhaps in a few years, or possibly not for many decades, when the whole structure of capitalist democracy will collapse, due to the internal stresses of capitalism, aggravated by economic competition with the statist economy of the U.S.S.R. At this time the difference between reformism and conservatism will disappear, as reformist ideas will become completely meaningless, and the choice before us will be between fascism, bolshevism and anarchy. Such a situation has already occurred in several countries, with varied results, and clearly workers everywhere should be prepared for this situation, even if it means sacrificing such luxuries as unity behind the mass reformist organisations.

In order to concentrate on revolutionary activity, dissemination of anarchist ideas, and putting them into practice whenever possible, it is necessary to make a complete break with all the apparatus of exploitation and oppression, and with the methods of opposition which have been proved useless by experience. The psychological effect of personal decision that the parliamentary game is not worth playing is such as to force the individual making it to look for

a decisive alternative, which we believe that anarchism provides, whereas the worker who continues to vote, even though with no real faith in the results of his voting, is not impelled to the revolutionary alternative.

The voting potential of masses of workers cannot be turned on and off like water from a tap. If during relatively mild periods in the class struggle, people vote, although reluctantly, for parliamentary "lesser evils", they will continue naturally to collaborate with governmental institutions and political parties during a revolutionary crisis, and as history has shown, such collaboration is equivalent to suicide.

Anarchism can only hope to gain the adherence of ordinary people if it is presented in ordinary language, free from all the contortions and invented phraseology which we associate with Marxism. Anarchists look for a social revolution, brought about by direct, revolutionary

methods, and we can only progress by putting our full revolutionary conceptions forward, to be accepted or rejected outright, and not by accepting any form of compromise. Consequently when elections occur we appeal for mass abstention, and revolutionary activity, knowing that at this particular stage of history, the chances of anarchist revolution are distant, seeking that gradually our ideas will come to be accepted.

Finally, parliamentary elections are the most opportune time for anarchists to propagate their ideas on parliament. It is easier to teach someone to swim while he is in the water, than by giving him lectures in a classroom. Similarly anti-parliamentary propaganda is more effective while all activity among both bourgeois and workers' political parties are engaged in electoral activity.

Anarchists then, are building on a sound foundation when appealing to workers not to vote, and one which shows the greatest promise of producing revolutionary dividends in the future.

P.H.

A New Anarchist Bulletin

And still they come. Following *The Libertarian*, *Prometheus*, and *The Anarchist*, comes *Anarchy*, bulletin of the newly formed University Anarchist Federation. It contains articles on various aspects of anarchism in its relation to the life and needs of students. Unfortunately this leads occasionally to the adoption of a rather lofty tone. For example, in an article entitled, "Anarchism for Students", Alan Lacey writes, "This is one of the ways that students can help to convert Anarchism from being confined to an unnoticed and inarticulate sect of a few thousand people to being a respectable and popular philosophy."

This is hardly fair on the rest of the movement, who do a lot to publicise anarchist ideas. Nor do we want anarchism to become "respectable". Anarchism is the last political philosophy not to become that. For heaven's sake let's keep it disreputable!

Students have traditionally been the enemies of despots. They have fought against Emperor, Pope, and Tsar. But not in England. Here they traditionally behave like children, and are treated as such. I have heard it said that Oxford and Cambridge universities were originally founded where they were, in order to keep the young men from interfering in politics, which students did even in those days. However whether that is true or not, it is certain that there is now a crying need for a revolutionary attitude among students of this country, who are too inclined to drift into conservatism, Christianity, or to shut themselves up in ivory towers.

Copies of *Anarchy*, price 3d., can be obtained from Freedom Bookshop, or from Philip Holgate, Reed Hall, Streat-ham Drive, Exeter. It is duplicated, and is of the same format as *The Libertarian*.

A.W.U.

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JUSTICE IN PRISON

THE Home Secretary has said that he is satisfied, in regard to the recent riots in Wandsworth Prison, that the Governor acted with firmness in dealing with the outbreak; and he added that he had made arrangements such that police could be called in to support prison staffs in a similar emergency in the future. "Prisoners regarded as possible trouble makers of Wandsworth jail have been moved." "Ringleaders are to be brought before the Visiting Committee." Items like this in the Press reports intended "to reassure the public", bring only a sinking feeling to those who know prison from the inside.

When there is a "disturbance" in a prison the first concern of authority is to restore order, and no consideration of justice or fairness must be allowed to stand in the way. Nor is any attempt seriously made at the time to consider the causes of such an outbreak. For it goes without saying almost that the incident which acts as a trigger for such outbreaks only acts to release a mass of feeling which has been built up and smouldering for some time before. Mr. Victor Yates, M.P., asked the Home Secretary whether he was doing anything about the overcrowding—three men in a cell—in the prisons. But Sir David Maxwell Fyfe could only reply that he was much concerned about it but that "it really would be unreal if one were to pretend there is an immediate answer to it."

Recently, the press reported a case in which a prisoner from Wandsworth died on admission to a hospital outside. His wife claimed that his complaints had been brutally rejected, and the verdict of the coroner's jury implied that they believed her. Such happenings are common in prison though they only rarely have the fatal outcome which brings them publicity. The whole way in which prisons are run provokes a sense of injustice in the prisoners, and it does not take much to fan this feeling into a flame.

But if the prison system takes little account of prisoners' sense of injustice, it almost openly flouts the principles of justice when it comes to deal with offences against prison discipline. A man will be charged by an officer with an offence, and be called before the governor. The governor hears the officer's account, and gives the prisoner a few moments to express his side of the incident—not needless to say of the antecedent feelings and pin pricks which went to build it up, supposing the charge to be substantially a true one, which is not always the case. If the charge is a serious one, the governor refers it to the Visiting Committee.

This procedure was discussed and denounced several years ago in FREEDOM and in the bulletin of the Freedom Defence Committee, under the title "Secret Trials in Prisons". For that is what they are: trials in secret. The prisoner is nominally allowed to call witnesses, but apart from the fear of giving evidence which almost all prisoners have, for they think that they will be punished in countless little ways that a vindictive warden can inflict—apart from this, the prisoner on a charge is only allowed to submit a list of witnesses from whom the authorities select the ones they want to hear.

Actually the calling of such witnesses is farcical for the prison officer is always believed in preference to the prisoner. Prison officials openly state that the governor is bound "to stand by his officers", and it is obvious that the discipline system demands this. Similarly the Home Secretary stands by the Prison Governor. Prisoners themselves, or justice, get short shrift in such a system.

THERE was, particularly in the beginnings of socialist thought, when it was still imbued with christian ideas, a faith in progress and a looking forward to a time when all men would be brothers and see God's kingdom on earth. In the Renaissance, instead, faith was centered in the individual, in a full and balanced development of all his hidden potentialities, and future mankind was conceived as a race of giants or demigods. A Ficino or a Bacon, however, already emphasized in extravagant terms man's power of inventiveness and ability to harness the forces of nature. To-day the christian-socialist dream of man as a creature of love, and the Renaissance ideal of god-like exuberance and vigour are more a matter of nostalgia than faith, while a belief in the unlimited possibilities of science and technology is almost general. This belief, warranted by the immense and rapid progress of the last two centuries and by the perspectives opened by the modern organization and institutionalization of science. Indeed, the idea of progress hardly extends beyond material achievements, and it is only in the development of conceptual schemes about the physical universe and of tool-making that an unilinear conception of history still holds its own against that of a more or less closed civilizational forms such as Spengler's or Trevelyan's.

Science, of course, devoted as it is, among other things, to improving instruments of destruction, may deal a fatal blow to its present structure and rapid rate of expansion. The latter may also be considerably slowed down by diminishing resources, and even by a lag between its requirements and the available supply of man with the necessary intelligence and special aptitudes. The severest check, however, it is likely to suffer will be from open hostility on the part

of governments or rebellion in the name of other values on the part of the people.

There are already many misgivings voiced against science, though few of the people voicing them are hostile to science as such. What they are against is other values, mental habits and categories of judgment, which science has fostered, and thanks to which it prospers. The most important of them is "change", which has come to be cherished for its own sake, eliciting admiration for even the most trivial novelties, and general contempt for the past *qua* past.

Science, at least in its modern form, is opposed to traditionalism. It would soon cease to grow if it were not. But while its innovations are generally welcome when they mean less labour, more prosperity and comfort, their impact on all aspects of life, sometimes uncontroversially harmful, has been deeply and rightly resented. Progress in science and technology discards old knowledge and methods only to replace them with better ones, and there is always the possibility of going back to the old and start again in new directions. But in other fields, especially in social relationships, once a departure from tradition has been made it is practically impossible to go back, what is dead cannot be resurrected, and continuity is lost. Revolution in science is meaningful only as regards effects, its development is multidirectional but unbroken, while elsewhere revolution means discontinuity, and to keep pace with a world which science changes continually gaps have been opened between generation and generation, and often in the life of the same individual efforts of adaptation have been demanded amounting to a complete transformation.

THE CASE AGAINST SCIENCE

The days of the amateur scientist have gone. Important discoveries and improvements require expensive apparatus, and research, with a few minor exceptions, is increasingly a matter of teamwork, in universities, government and industries, subject to outside control and interference. In spite of this, science is still the mainstay of that outlook which considers extension of knowledge, new products, new tools, a more thorough exploitation of natural resources and a constant modification of surroundings as man's privileged and noblest task. The spirit of science is the spirit of adventure, and all its rationality notwithstanding, it is a blind love of risk and a taking risks hardly defensible on purely moral grounds. Commendable as the spirit of adventure may be, and particularly its channelling into scientific activities, it is not the only spring of human actions and thoughts, and its contrary, the spirit of security, of stability and permanence, is equally strong, vital and universal.

This latter spirit, which inspired most philosophies and religions, has been predominant in the past, and did not hesitate to persecute the spirit of innovation and dynamism. Now the tables are reversed: dynamism has the whiphand and rules the world, the wheels of history turn and gather momentum, break all rhythms and alterances, and leave no place, no rest, no certainty to look forward to. Science and technology upset relationships, customs and habits of thought that have stood the test of centuries. The Asian continent is in their throes. There is the spirit of progress, but there is ground for doubting its value, seeing the toll it takes in human lives, and that its

victory is achieved with weapons of destruction.

The wheels of history, and those who enjoy making them go faster and faster, have no consideration for the individual. Yet the individual remains a reality, and persists in building values according to his own measure. So he must, for his own satisfaction and suffering, in order not to be crushed and alienated by external power. Against the impersonal notion of progress as mankind's unlimited, aimless, almost mechanical adventure into the unknown he has his own inner dynamism to defend, which is a constant endeavour, under changing circumstances, to reach a harmony between the real and the ideal, between his living and perfect living. This is moral progress, as distinguished from scientific, technological and utilitarian progress. Fabrilty is not the whole of man. Artistic creativeness, orgasmic potency, love in a christian or a platonic sense are some of the values progressive mankind can well do without, but which many individuals still hold dear. A concerted action may come from them to stop those forces hinged on science which are creating conditions more and more difficult for such values to obtain.

Bernard Barber, in his recent book *Science and the Social Order*, writes that in the modern world "we have the libertarian conviction, derived in part, as is utilitarianism, from Protestant theology, that it is our duty to seek the inspiration for all behaviour in our own consciences. Modern man grudges the sway of organised authority in a fashion which is new among societies. This is an attitude which is most congruent with science, for science rejects the imposition of any truth by organised and especially by non-scientific authority. The canons of validity for scientific knowledge are also individualistic: they are vested not in any formal organization but in the individual consciences and judgments of scientists who are, for this function, only informally organised". The sympathies of anarchists for science are therefore quite understandable, as they have in common with scientists the cultural value of individualism. About other values, also congruent with science, such as rationality, meliorism, emotional neutrality and utilitarianism there is difference of opinion as recent controversies in FREEDOM have clearly shown. Two other values, however, which Bernard Barber does not mention, are bound in my opinion to meet with resistance or, at least, widespread misgivings on the part of anarchists as a whole. One is "efficiency", which extended from the rational use of resources and methods of production to factory organization and government techniques comes into direct conflict with the value of individual happiness. The other, closely related to the first, is "control" which, the more scientific it is, the less room it leaves for individual freedom. The tendency to have all human activities disciplined and controlled, to have everything planned and, consequently, centralized, is all part and parcel of the scientific outlook, threatening to kill individualism even in science. By taking a stand against science or, rather, against values with which science is associated, it would not be the first time that anarchists take a position against the spirit of their age, even at the risk of being classified among the reactionary and the nostalgic.

GIOVANNI BALDELLI

The Hard-Working Cop—A New American Hero Continued from p. 2

showered with glass as the boy made a break for it through the window, but had his microphone ready as the thief struggled with Perkins, then cried and whimpered ("My mother'll kill me, I wasn't doin' nothin'"). At the station house, Reed was again ready with his recording equipment as the boy's mother wailed for minutes and then, in subdued tones, told of the anguish of sitting at home, waiting for her son's return: "I've been up almost 15 hours on the clock... watching that bed of yours."

If such programmes were intended to display these terrible little tragedies of the poor and the unstable as a means of illustrating the faults of a society that induces "delinquency", they might have some justification. In fact, their aims seem to be wholly negative. (A) A morbid sensationalism (*Time* talks of Reed's "overdramatic commentary") which plays up to the "fascinated horror" aspect of the interest in crime. (B) A further wish to induce the public to identify with the police against the "criminals". In the case of *Night Watch* a real police chief actually ends each programme with a little homily to say that it is presented "in the interests of public security."

The popularity of such programmes as *Dragnet* and *Night Watch* seems to me a manifestation of the transfer of the sense of insecurity which has recently been taking place in American society. Up to the end of the Thirties, which more or less correspond with the end of the great Depression, insecurity was felt to be economic. Unemployment, breadlines, relief, were its symptoms, and in this situation the police were often active as protectors of established interests, and so came into conflict with many workers who were not what is generally known as criminals, but were merely engaged in demanding a fair living. During this period, therefore the police were regarded with distrust, working class public opinion tended to be on the side of the robbers against the cops, and it is unlikely if any programme that set out to whitewash the police would have gained much popularity (supposing that people in the thirties had been able to afford TV and TV had existed on a commercial scale).

Since the early 1940's the situation has changed. Despite recessions and temporary spells of unemployment, despite variations between areas and racial groups, there is no doubt that the condition of the American workers is not only vastly better than it was before the war but also provides a material standard of living superior to that which exists anywhere else in the world—Canada alone

As we have remarked, all this is plain and clear to anyone who has spent any time inside a prison. The indifference of the public to the essential beastliness of confining men or women in prisons, makes the task of those who seek to whitewash such a system an easy one.

excepted. Even the most depressed classes, the Negroes in the south and the Mexican labourers, while they are poor by American standards, are rich in comparison with even skilled workers in Latin American and Southern European countries. Nowhere in the United States will one find anything that even approaches the poverty of the Mexican land-workers who have stayed south of the Rio Grande, nowhere will one find even the kind of poverty that can be seen daily around the Rue Mouffetard in Paris or in the quarters of Arles and Avignon where the Algerian immigrants scrape and starve. Starvation is no longer an imminent danger for Americans, and the bitter labour struggles which bred hatred between the workers and the authorities are temporarily out of fashion. That they may return is a probability which few Americans care to imagine. And so their sense of economic insecurity has become far less pronounced than it was twenty years ago, and their consciousness of having class enemies has correspondingly weakened. No American capitalist to-day is hated as Carnegie and Rockefeller and Frick were hated. The workers are too busy thinking how they can move up into the nearest middle-class suburb. And, with the decrease of disturbances due to economic causes, the rôle of the policeman as the enemy of the ordinary working man has, temporarily, declined to relatively minor proportions.

But, though they do not feel economically threatened, the Americans still do not enjoy a sense of security. The insecurity that is inevitable in a competitive and materialistic society is merely transferred elsewhere. Every man still feels himself the object of some indefinable danger, and, since that danger is no longer economic, there has been a vast increase in the American sense of political insecurity. This tendency has been used by the ruling élite, perhaps only half consciously, to consolidate their own position. While doing their best to remove the fear of another depression like that of the thirties, they have nurtured in its place a whole batch of other fears—fear of the BOMB, of war, of foreigners, of Russia, of Communism, etc. The effect of this transfer has been to substitute for the old internal enemy—capitalism supported by the State and the forces of the State—a whole series of external enemies. The State presents itself as the protector of the people against these external enemies, and exacts unity within as its price. Thus the old American tolerance of homespun eccentricity and radicalism is fast disappearing; in its place there is appearing a frantic distrust, not only of minorities of opinion (the Communists), of culture (the "eggheads") and of race (Puerto Ricans and Mexican wetbacks), but also of any elements within the population (criminals, hopheads, zoot-suiters, etc.) who depart from the current norm of popular morality. A crack in the front against the great external enemies is represented as a betrayal, a minority or an eccentric indivi-

dual is a potential betrayer, and so the police, as the guardians of the American Way of Life from external intruders and internal disrupters, are elevated to the position of popular heroes. From this position, they benefit by a vastly increased regard among people prosperous enough to own a TV set (and that applies to a majority of American families).

All this helps to consolidate the bread and circuses character of present-day American life. By concentrating on providing for the present an adequate standard of living, backed by an insistent barrage of propaganda carried on through such opiate entertainments as *Dragnet* and *Night Watch*, the American rulers have been able to consolidate their enforcement agencies (F.B.I., police, etc.), to an extent that would have been quite impossible before the war, when economic grievances made the people more vigilant. If and when a break in the standard of living occurs, if the economy begins to slip and the old economic insecurity returns with full force, the State and the capitalists will be found entrenched in a citadel of organised authority which will be much more hard to attack than ever before, and which the people will themselves have helped to build with their own proneness to fear the bogey of possible outer dangers rather than the present danger to their liberties that stalks every day through the streets on its fallen arches and appears once a week on the screen of sixteen million homes with Sergeant Friday's disarming "All we want are the facts, ma'am."

GEORGE WOODCOCK

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All Aboard the Glory Train

ROLL up! Roll up! Positively your last opportunity. Be sure you don't miss this stupendous offer. Your young sins be as scarlet Billy's the boy to make them pure as the driven snow. There isn't a detergent on the market with the same remarkable cleansing properties as "Blood of the Lamb", that proven miracle-worker. Accept no substitoot. See that you get the original J.C. brand. Look for the double Cross on every drop.

The starry-eyed, clean cut, young man with the cream cheese smile and gleaming trombone conducting the massed choir is Cliff Barrows. His job is to warm the customers up. Get them singing. Make them feel at home. If his antics seem a little extravagant, remember, that's a thousand sets of vocal chords he is harmonising out there. Takes a lot of practice to hop around like that and still keep in time with the music. In case you missed the message he'll brief you between numbers on the really solid stuff. Boy, is he hep! Just bubbling with inspirational hoo-hah fit to bust his halo.

Fifteen minutes of this husky loosening up process and you are about ready to subside in your seat to enjoy the next turn of this three-ring circus. A guest performer this time. Maybe an odd Bishop who was kicking his heels looking for a one night stand. Prestige value, you see? Gives the whole caboodle tone and uplift. Sort of mental tight rope act from the religious point of view. Respectable prayer and lesson balanced with a comic turn gives just sufficient speed and weight to dance daintily over any scruples you might feel regarding the vulgarity of the whole. Earlier in the season you might have been treated to some homespun wisdom from that noted Biblical scholar and intellectual giant, Roy Rogers.

Next act, please. Ah! The delicate moment has arrived. You didn't pay to come in, did you? Well now, observe how the quickness of the tongue deceives the ear. The man says he was present at the signing of the contract for this vast arena. You relax, expecting an anecdote. Suddenly your ears drop off. Incredible as it may seem, the organisers of the show signed a contract for £30,000 and no-one so much as wondered where

the money was coming from until the deed was sealed! This must seem all the more amazing when you realise that one party to this contract was the hard-headed management of Harringay Arena—not a charity organisation even in theory. But, of course, God will provide! Ah, ye of little faith, consider the lilies of the field and go on Public Assistance. This is where you come into your own. Here is your opportunity to contribute towards the cost of this mighty crusade. It is God's money you are giving in God's cause. Thank God for the privilege of being allowed to shell out.

At least one member of the audience had so much faith in God's ability to meet the mortgage that, imposing heroic self-denial, he refrained from contributing altogether.

Well, now that it is all over and the humble Man of God has departed to eke out a living on £5,000 per annum in other pagan regions, perhaps we can ask ourselves what it was all about. What sort of man is Mr. Graham? How does he manage to operate so smoothly?

Like all successful demagogues he knows his audience and picks his words to fit them. He has learnt like Hitler, Mussolini, Lenin, Allah and J.C. before him to tap the basic needs of the sheep who ever seek a shepherd. In his narrow field he is the psychologist supreme.

Compare his approach to different groups. When talking to University students he adopts the "we intellectuals see eye to eye" line. Early on in the address he lets you know, quite casually, that he is a University product—even has a degree in fact. He informs you that war is stupid and suicidal. You have suspected this for a long time, of course, but it is still rather reassuring to hear this sincere chap tell the others. Also obvious is the fact that if everyone refused to fight there could be no wars. Sound, militant, rational line. The sly sting comes in the tail when it is implied that Christianity has a monopoly of this pacifist philosophy. Neatly done, William.

Now watch the same boy at work on the hoi polloi at Harringay. First of all the big build-up. All the film star ballyhoo of a vast advertising campaign to get the suckers inside the door. Once

inside there is the gradual working up to a climax before the Maestro himself steps into the limelight. Gone is the earnest appeal to sweet reason. For half an hour or so they are harangued unmercifully. A blatant assault on their latent guilt feelings is launched to arouse anxiety to the pitch where any offer of relief short of lobotomy is gratefully embraced. Gone is the pretension to be an intellectual brother. Here he assumes the mantle of the stern father. "No one will leave the hall for the next half hour! . . . No noise, please!" The request is delivered as an order with a veiled threat.

All of us have learned to feel guilty at some time or other. You may think you have outgrown these foolish fears. Dr. Graham is a past-master at the art of reviving them. The Ten Commandments may sound pretty corny these days, but if there is so much as a grain of superstition left in you Dr. G. will nourish it in thirty minutes to the point where you may well feel impelled to go forward and receive absolution.

His technique is ludicrous; crude to the point of parody. But it works. Take old Nebuchadnezzar, for example. He scorned the Word of the Lord, and boy, did he get the axe. About ten or fifteen minutes may be spent on exploiting this hoary myth, and it is only by an effort of critical will that you can stay outside the charmed circle that long, rather than be swept along by the power of the narrative into the fairy land of wicked princes and an avenging deity.

In case the customers feel their anxiety mounting too high they are periodically reminded that there is a way out. All they have to do is to unload their burden of guilt onto dear old J.C. and let him carry the can. This is known in technical jargon as drive reduction of an acquired need. In simpler terms, having waved the big stick Dr. Graham then produces a succulent carrot. The ersatz quality of both stick and carrot remain undiscovered since they get not even so much as a cuff or a nibble till they are dead.

Another reassuring technique is the way they are made to feel pally with Dr. G., the firm father. Their doubts and queries are anticipated and paraphrased by Dr. G. in the form, "But Billy, why do I need to confess past sins?" or, "Tell me Billy, does God know

everything I do and think?" The familiar address, "Billy", put into their mouths builds up rapport; makes you feel kinda intimate, huh?

His fundamentally authoritarian attitude is exposed by one of the anecdotes he retails. A boy is told by his father not to touch the water melons as they are not ripe. Boy declares one is ripe. Pop says not so. Pop departs. Boy tests melon. Finds it ripe. Eats it. Buries remains. These later grow and are discovered by Pop who twigs that he has been disobeyed. Boy is thrashed. Moral: be sure your sins will find you out. Note that the reason Pop gave for not touching the melons was invalid. The boy was right. But he is punished for having defied higher authority just because it is more powerful and is too damn stupid to admit it was wrong.

Another beautiful example of logic for morons is Dr. Graham's arguments in support of the efficacy of prayer. "All prayers are answered!" You raise your eyebrows, wondering how some of the unsuccessful applicants are going to swallow this. The sermon continues: "Sometimes the answer is 'no', but your prayer is always answered". Cap that one!

So much for the routine spiel leading up to the grand finale. The best is yet to come. By this time if you have anything that even looks as if it might have become a soul with a bit of pruning and weed-killer you will be fermenting with fear of hell-fire and frustrated virtue. Now comes the catharsis, or, in the words of the poet, the emotional payoff. "Everyone pray!" The sheep close their eyes, bow their heads, mutter hermetic formulae. Choir softly intones, blanketing such prosaic sounds as scraping of feet or coughing. Against this monotonous background rises the dominating voice of God's Chosen Instrument. Repeating, repeating, in a firm urgent cadence, "This is your chance to be saved. Now is the moment to dedicate yourself to God. This is your last opportunity. Come forward if you feel the need of God. Come forward. Come forward . . ." On and on it drones through umpteen choruses of the muffled choir until you feel like taking your place in the spiritual queue just to get close enough to throw a chair at Dr. G.

Anyone who has practised hypnosis is familiar with the technique. By having the patient shut his eyes you restrict his perception. All distracting stimuli are

eliminated. He listens only to the sound of your voice, which is resolute and self-assured; repetitious in content and monotonous in delivery. A minute or two of this and a susceptible patient is willing to follow any harmless suggestion. And so every night at Harringay for the past three months some four to five hundred zombies drifted to the space on front of the dais where they could stand at the feet of the Master and await his will.

The reader will be spared the full analysis of Dr. Graham's psychological bag of tricks in terms of stimulus generalisation and other principles of standard learning theory; of encouraging the victim to identify himself with prestige figures, or satisfy an ego ideal. Enough of the tedious ritual has been described for the imaginative reader to provide his own variations on this pathetic theme any time he feels the need to puke.

In case the whole business seems too revolting for words console yourself with the following thoughts. Only the psychologically maimed succumb to this sort of treatment anyway: In most cases the lapse is only temporary: Half the audience are regular customers: Most of these regulars were addicts long before Dr. G. came upon the scene, being recruited from the various pseudo-religious organisations already existing in this country: Finally, you may reflect that neurotic needs being so widespread due to the present structure of society it is better that the emotional flotsam should come to rest in the arms of Jesus and Dr. G. rather than with a political rabble-rouser like Adolf Schickelgruber. BOB GREEN.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP
THE MALATESTA CLUB
155 High Holborn WCI
 (Nearly opposite Holborn Town Hall)
 L.A.G. LECTURE DISCUSSIONS
 EVERY SUNDAY AT 7.30

JUNE 6—No Meeting
 JUNE 13—E. Peeke on
 Aspects of Anarchism (3)
 LAW & CUSTOM

Informal Discussion Every Thursday at 7.30.

THE London pacifists held a meeting to discuss the hydrogen bomb on May 18th.

It was convened by Wallace Hancock and Sybil Morrison, with the support of *Peace News*, and attended by some hundreds of people representing a great many pacifist organisations. The speakers were: Kathleen Lonsdale, Donald Soper, Vera Brittain and James Hudson.

Professor Lonsdale pointed out that we cannot abolish war unless we abolish the power of unscrupulous men. But, she added, it is wrong to oppose the arms of such men with arms of our own:

"It is possible to meet un-Christlike men in a Christlike manner. Christ had no fear of lepers and madmen because he loved them; and through his love they became whole and sane." And it is with such fearless love that we must approach power maniacs.

She quoted from a recent speech of President Eisenhower about the absolute wastefulness of modern war, then mentioned that he continued with war preparations because of his fear of Communism. She believed people are afraid of communism because of the violence involved in revolution; but the communists are just as afraid of us.

Kathleen Lonsdale concluded: "Gladstone once said, 'Nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right', and I believe that it is because we are not prepared to base our foreign policy on moral absolutes alone, that we find ourselves in constant dilemma."

The Methodist leader, Dr. Donald Soper, calling the pacifists to action said: "Our business is to convince ourselves there is something we can do, and then get busy."

The hydrogen bomb adds to our perils, but not to the wickedness of war. To speak of banning it is nonsense. Even if it could be effectively banned (as is possible) in peacetime, the inspection systems and so on would break down immediately war broke out, and both sides would start racing frantically to have their H-bombs ready first. What we must combat is the drive towards war itself.

Nor could it be contended that nothing constructive can be done by us. It is constructive to light a bonfire in one place so that others may see it—"We must show the world there are millions of us willing to say to our government, 'We put you in power to get peace. If you can't do that, get out!'"

"Of course, this does not mean merely

getting the present government out and putting the Labour Party in. (It just means getting the present government out.)"

Most communism, said Dr. Soper, is derived from fear and hunger. He realised this did not apply, for instance, to the large Australian communist movement, which must be based on a violent streak inherent in men. But to stop taking arms to Asia, and spend the same money taking food there, would combat communism much more effectively.

The hydrogen bomb is causing the desire, at least, for action, and pacifists should take advantage of it. "People are on the march. Let us direct that movement in the way of peace."

Vera Brittain said the power of modern science was terrible, but there would be nothing terrible about it if Man had advanced morally beyond it.

Moral decline is almost inevitable in war. In 1939 Britain and France, the only two belligerents on our side, had issued a joint statement resolving "to pursue hostilities with due regard to civilian populations, and to human monu-

The Face of Pacifism

ments valued by all nations." But in 1942, angered by German bombing techniques, Britain replaced precision bombing with obliteration bombing, and with this method destroyed the anti-Hitler working class districts of Hamburg, the cultural centre of Cologne, and Dresden, at a time when it was filled with refugees.

In 1943, Winston Churchill said: "There are no lengths of violence to which we will not go in order to destroy Nazi tyranny." And the final stage in this moral decline was the dropping of atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki; to her mind "the greatest single war crime ever committed".

It may be argued that we are no longer one of the great powers of the world. But we can stand as a third force between the colossal opponents. We can do in Europe what India is doing in Asia. Our choice, concluded Vera Brittain, is between mass suicide on the part of mankind on the one hand, and the world which God made on the other.

The last speaker was the pacifist M.P., Jimmy Hudson.

"Those who take the sword shall

perish by the sword'. But there have always been those who have thought they could take the sword and get away with it. The hydrogen bomb has made this serious maxim, uttered at a very serious time in Christ's life, truer than it has ever been."

He wished, he continued, we had all heard Mr. Attlee's speech on the hydrogen bomb, which in the newspaper reports had been overshadowed by Churchill's. He had been reminded by it of George Lansbury; and was glad to hear so eminent a person expressing that pacifism which has always been a part of the Labour Party programme.

Mr. Hudson believed much of the war-mongering was due to repressed guilt feelings. The British and American nations have never admitted their guilt in combining to drop the Atom bomb. When we dropped the bomb, Russia was under contract to us to invade Japan through Manchuria. It may well be that the purpose of the atom bomb was not so much to defeat Japan as to deter Russia; in which case it is not surprising that Russia has since been very suspicious of the West and persisted in saying "No" to every suggestion in the United Nations.

Wallace Hancock then rose to put his proposals. He started by mentioning the necessity of holding meetings in local organisations, asking those present to fill in the forms we had all been given stating what organisations we belonged to. The anarchists left before he had finished, to ensure that those who had not been privileged to receive a leaflet going in should get one coming out.

I handed one to an elderly gentleman whom I had observed applauding enthusiastically whenever a foreign policy based on moral absolutes was mentioned.

"Ah, I approve of anarchism," he said with a benevolent twinkle. "But you'll never get it, you know; too idealistic." D.R.

Malatesta Club

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Sacredness of Human Life

I CANNOT reply adequately to Giovanni Baldelli's article "Human Life is Sacred", because I cannot understand a good deal of it. What I was trying to say was that to give human life a mystical value does not safeguard it. Rather the reverse in fact. One of the stock arguments for the retention of the death penalty is, "I support capital punishment because I believe that human life is sacred." Instead I put forward the idea that it is cruel to take life, and that is sufficient reason for not doing it. But such is not the opinion of the majority of those who believe that human life is sacred. They support not only hanging but war. They denounced those who were against the atomic attack on Japan as sentimentalists, and told us that the Japanese deserved it, and anyway it helped to shorten the war, and saved many lives (Allied).

I hardly consider that I am trying to justify murder but to take away one of the justifications of legalised butchery. Ultimately I suppose it all boils down to

the meanings that one gives to words. But I am inclined to think that once we start invoking awe, and terror even, by using such religious-sounding words as sacred, we are stirring up the sort of emotionalism that causes people to support the vengeance of the gallows. Or helps to cause them to support it. ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

SEX IN HISTORY

Douglas Muir MacTaggart is in error. When I wrote "nakedness too was not regarded with shame" I was not referring to the Middle Ages at all, but to the pre-Christian Celts. I entirely agree that in a free society everyone could wear as little (or nothing) as they wished. I think that nakedness has nothing shameful about it at all, though I cannot help thinking that if we all went nudist we should see some pretty frightful sights. But I suppose that either those whose figures had passed their prime would go clad, or else we should get used to it. ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

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NORTH-EAST LONDON
 DISCUSSION MEETINGS
 IN EAST HAM
 Alternate Wednesdays
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INDOORS
 at Workers' Open Forum
 50 Renfrew Street, Glasgow.
 Every Thursday at 7 p.m.

EXETER ANARCHIST GROUP
 An anarchist group has been formed in Exeter. Readers in the area are invited to:
 Meetings every Wednesday at 7 p.m.
 at 109 Portland Street, Exeter.
 Correspondence to:
 Philip Holgate, U.C.E.W. Exeter.

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 If any readers residing in Herts would be interested in weekly discussion meetings, to be held in either Welwyn Garden City, Hatfield, St. Albans, or Hertford, will they contact:
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